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# CARNEGIE MAGAZINE

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VOLUME XX      PITTSBURGH, PA., APRIL 1947      NUMBER 9

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MONSIEUR BOILEAU AU CAFÉ

*Lent by The Cleveland Museum of Art*

Oil in the Exhibition of Paintings, Drawings, Prints, and Posters  
by Henri de Toulouse-Lautrec (1864-1901)

## CARNEGIE MAGAZINE

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### OFFICE OF THE PRESIDENT CARNEGIE INSTITUTE

WILLIAM FREW, Editor  
JEANNETTE F. SENEFF, Editorial Assistant

VOLUME XX

NUMBER 9

APRIL 1947

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### CELEBRATION

With Shakespeare performed simultaneously in three Pittsburgh theatres this spring—*Henry V* at the Art Cinema, *King Lear* at Carnegie Tech Little Theatre, and *Macbeth* at the Pittsburgh Playhouse—it seems perhaps fitting to borrow a phrase: "Were poor and single business to contend against those honours deep and broad wherewith your majesty loads our house."

The birthday of the Bard of Avon, occurring on April 23, was always marked by a celebration at the Carnegie Institute during the presidency of the late Samuel Harden Church, for Colonel Church was an untiring Shakespearean student. Undergraduates from the school of drama at Carnegie Tech, dressed in Elizabethan costume, would place a wreath upon the great bronze seated statue at the entrance to Music Hall, and read the following ode which had been composed by Colonel Church.

### ODE TO SHAKESPEARE

O Shakespeare! On this joyous natal day  
We come with garland crown to own thy sway.  
Thou art not dead—thou canst not ever die—  
Thy mighty spirit, ranging earth and sky,  
And seeking life eternal for its part,  
Attains its heaven in the human heart.  
Around the world we hear thy great voice roll—  
Thy song the fitful passions of the soul.

The years fly past, the ages fall behind,  
Yet still is thine the empire of the mind;  
For like a god that would his race endower,  
Thou sittest there in majesty and power.  
Then come we here, the happy mission ours  
To hail thy name and gird thy brow with flowers.  
O Shakespeare! Give thy listening ear to me!  
My flowers—and my heart—I give to thee!

## CARNEGIE INSTITUTE

4400 FORBES STREET

HOURS: 10:00 A.M. to 6:00 P.M., weekdays  
2:00 to 6:00 P.M., Sundays

Carnegie Institute Broadcasts  
Tuesdays at 6:45 P.M., from WCAE

### FINE ARTS GALLERIES

Paintings, Drawings, Prints, and Posters  
by Henri de Toulouse-Lautrec  
—through April 20

•••

Pittsburgh Salon of Photographic Art  
presented by the Photographic Section of  
the Academy of Science and Art  
—through April 20

•••

French Portrait Engravings  
by Robert Nanteuil (1623-78)  
and Jean Morin (1590-1650)  
—through May 4

•••

Lithographs by Benjamin Kopman,  
the gift of George D. Thompson  
—through May 4

### MUSEUM

The Ball Collection of Lighting Devices  
a new display of old lamps

•••

The History of Pipe-smoking  
a collection of pipes from far places  
assembled by Robert L. Fisher

•••

Registration for the Nature Contest  
which will be held Saturday, May 10

•••

Moving pictures for children  
Saturdays at 2:15 P.M., Lecture Hall

### MUSIC HALL

Organ Recitals by Marshall Bidwell  
Saturdays at 8:15 P.M.  
Sundays at 4:00 P.M.

April 19

A Cappella Choir  
Wilkinsburg High School  
Howard O. Barkley, director

### CARNEGIE LIBRARY

HOURS: 9:00 A.M. to 10:00 P.M., weekdays  
2:00 to 6:00 P.M., Sundays

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Stages through the Ages  
photographs of the theatre  
exhibited in the Library entrance hall

•••

Storytelling  
Boys and Girls Room  
Mondays at 4:15 P.M.

# HENRI DE TOULOUSE-LAUTREC

1864-1901

BY HOMER SAINT-GAUDENS

*Director, Department of Fine Arts, Carnegie Institute*

The Exhibition of Paintings, Drawings, Prints, and Posters by Henri de Toulouse-Lautrec (1864-1901) opened at Carnegie Institute on March 6 and will continue through April 20. There are twenty-four paintings; eight drawings; one hundred and thirty-seven prints, one hundred and thirty of which are lithographs and seven drypoints; twenty-seven posters; and two bound albums of lithographs. The exhibition was made possible through funds provided by twelve citizens of Pittsburgh.

I SEEM always to have known about Toulouse-Lautrec. He first depicted the mordant aspects of café life and slapped his posters onto Paris kiosks about the time my father had established himself as a young sculptor in a studio near the Boulevard St. Michel, and his last flickering efforts coincided with my adolescent days in his city. Those were the years when one rainy night I rode down the Champs-Élysées with a Japanese lantern hanging to my bicycle handle to read about the Battle of Manila Bay on the headlines posted in the windows of the *New York Herald* in the Rue Scribe. Those were the years of the cholera scare and the omnibuses, each with its three amiable gray horses. Those were the years when Gustave Eiffel, the contractor, raised his interlaced ironwork to the unprecedented height of nine hundred and eighty-four feet, and when tourists viewed with proper respect the florid façade of the Grand Palais.

It was the "fin de siècle," the era of



LA CLOWNESSE CHA-U-KAO

Oil

Lent by Mr. and Mrs. William Powell Jones

bourgeois wealth, of stuffy pride, of aloof aristocrats, of cynical intelligentsia, of men of letters, of financial crisis, of the Panama Canal scandal. It was the era when the Baron Haussmann bought his real estate, and his wife failed to understand why he was so fortunate as always to have his land increase greatly in value just before he built his boulevards. It was the era of the Dreyfus affair when my parents took me up to the little restaurant on the side of Mont-

martre where we watched Major Esterhazy, or was it Colonel Picquart, both stars in that uproar, eat dinner backwards, from nuts to soup.

That was the era when Edgar Degas painted the race horses at Longchamp, when gowns were gowns and hats were hats. That was the era when Jules Massenet produced *Manon* and *Thais*, a decade apart, in Charles Garnier's flamboyant Opera House. That was the era when Guy de Maupassant struck out with trenchant impact in such of his short stories as *La Maison Tellier*,

when Émile Zola stepped into the literary ring as a champion of the painter Edouard Manet. That was the era when my parents and I saw Coquelin Aîné in *Cyrano de Bergerac*, when the "Divine Sarah" Bernhardt played Phèdre.

It was in the Paris of this era that Toulouse-Lautrec developed his fine art, anecdotal, commercial, and founded largely on subjects drawn from scenes played to the notes of the "quadrille naturaliste" at the Moulin Rouge; for his stunted growth—he was only four feet six inches high—made him shy away from the more rarified circles of this Gallic casserole.

We think of our present era as one of artistic war, but from the moment when the youthful Toulouse-Lautrec plunged into the turbid whirlpool of the Place Clichy up on the side of Montmartre he found himself immersed in a battle of the paintbrushes that would have done justice to 1947. On the one hand were the conventional middle-class salons which acclaimed William Adolphe Bouguereau's soapy technique, while nearby L'Art Nouveau flowered in its saccharin-filled curves and mauve tints. On the other hand Vincent Van Gogh was torturing himself into his frenzy of masterpieces and ultimate self-destruction. Impressionism was starting its forceful battle which lasted under the leadership of Paul Signac well into my museum tour of duty. Dream painting and symbolism, which we think of as a recent invention of Salvador Dali, were rising with the pink mists of Odilon Redon. Paul Gauguin was turning his back on meticulous academy rules to voyage into the brilliance of the tropics.

Henri-Marie Raymond de Toulouse-Lautrec Monfa was born on November 24, 1864, in the Chateau du Bosc at Albi in Languedoc in the South of France. He was an amusing youngster, handy with his pencil, who claimed he could draw an ox before he could sign his name. He was the pet of his aristocratic father, who hoped that his son

would inherit the paternal passion for horses and dogs and hunting and falconry. This was not to be. Before the youth reached the age of fifteen he had broken one thigh and the other leg, breaks that stopped all normal growth. Thereafter, while he could still sketch the animals back at the stable, he could no longer follow his sportsman parent and grew into a cripple with the torso of a man and the weak legs of a child.

So it was that in 1880 he left the false romanticism of his upbringing to turn to René Princeteau, a deaf-mute painter of horses in Paris. Princeteau took sufficient interest in the youngster to place him in the studio of Léon Bonnat. That master and pupil failed to hit it off is illustrative of the fickleness of style, for Bonnat today is placed at the bottom of the load of banal academic products,



Mlle. POLAIRE

Crayon and Wash

Lent by The Art Institute of Chicago

whereas Toulouse-Lautrec's reputation is that of a forceful draftsman of all time. Naturally then, when Bonnat remarked that Toulouse-Lautrec's drawing was atrocious, the young man left the atelier of this "cher maitre," stopped for a time in the academic school run by Fernand Cormon, and in 1885 turned to mingle with the intellectuals of the demi-monde amidst the heavy flowering of the unmoral Montmartre and, of gray mornings, to tread the damp streets of the red-light districts.

At times Toulouse-Lautrec drew the clowns and horses of the one-ring Cirque Fernando in an atmosphere that I can recall with delight to this day. More frequently he associated himself with those who entertained in the purlieus of the Moulin de la Galette. Here was La Goulue (the Glutton) who sometimes appeared as a lion tamer and sometimes flashed her froufrou in the cancan, Grille d'Egout (the Sewer-Grating), La Macarona (the Giddy Fool), and Valentin de Désossé (the Disjointed). None of them lacked for nicknames. Here was Jane Avril, the pretended prude of cruel words; Loie Fuller, the American dancer of waving veils; May Belfort, the Irish girl who sang the song I can well remember about how "Daddy Wouldn't Buy Me A Bowwow"; and Yvette Guilbert, whom Toulouse-Lautrec first discovered in a cabaret called the Divan Japonais. She was never physically prepossessing in her slim white dresses and long black gloves, but at one moment she could sing you into tears or the next make you yell with laughter at her innocent renderings of risqué songs. My father held her to be the greatest music-hall



JANE AVRIL

Poster

Lent by A. Conger Goodyear

performer of all time. She called her Toulouse-Lautrec "a genius of deformity."

Toulouse-Lautrec had a huge studio, true enough, in the Rue Caulaincourt, a dusty confusion of Oriental and Italian prints, bottles, and cardboard. But the studio really was his bar where he shook "Les long drinks" and "les short drinks" for his friends. Contrariwise the bars, come nightfall, were his studios. The authorities at the Moulin Rouge held a table apart for him, and there as he drank and talked he would study and draw.

As time passed, he made an increasing number of posters. One to be remembered about 1891 was that of La Goulue. It was done in the period when he

decorated her booth at the Foire du Trône, a Parisian street carnival. During these years, too, came his interest in lithographs. For the next decade he made over three hundred, unmatched in strength and character. At the same time, he turned his rhythmic drawing to the execution of menus, invitations, and a book by Clemenceau. He contributed to *L'Echo de Paris*, *L'Escar-mouche*, *Figaro Illustré*, and *Le Rire*. He did song covers for the ditties of Yvette Guilbert and theatre programmes such as the one for Lucien Guitry on the occasion of the revival of Zola's *L'Assommoir* at the Porte St. Martin Theatre. Yet through it all his reputation was increasing as a creator of the fine arts. By the time he was twenty-seven he had exhibited in the ninth Salon des Indépendents and sent his work as far away as the galleries of Les XX and Libre Esthétique in Brussels.

Then as he passed into his thirtieth year he came down the hill from Montmartre to travel a bit. He went to the seashore, to England in 1895, to Madrid, and to Holland.

In England he was unimpressed by the British brilliance of Aubrey Beardsley, though, on the other hand, at the Criterion Bar he drew sketches of Oscar Wilde, who was saying, "There are two ways of disliking art; one is to dislike it, the other is to like it rationally." His portrait of Wilde, as later developed, is scarcely complimentary in presenting the English wit with yellow hair and a pasty, sagging double chin, against a dress suit of blue. The finishing touch in Toulouse-Lautrec's relations with the English, however, if tradition has it right, was on another excursion when he drowned off in his chair in the midst of the opening of his exhibition in 1898 at the Goupil Gallery in London. As the



DANCE AT THE MOULIN DE LA GALETTE

Oil

Lent by The Art Institute of Chicago



story goes, the Prince of Wales stood guard over the strange little sleeping figure.

Toulouse-Lautrec's results often give a superficial appearance of haste. But like Raoul Dufy and other present-day French artists the appearance was born of studied preliminaries, trials, and retrials. He became imbued with the satire of Jean Louis Forain, a man twelve years Toulouse-Lautrec's senior, a man whose cartoons in the *Figaro* always excited my father's admiration. Then Georges Seurat tempted Toulouse-Lautrec into experimenting with Impressionism. Against this he admired the force of the aristocratic Edgar Degas, who complimented the young painter at his one-man show by saying: "Well, Lautrec, I see you are one of us."

About this time, too, James McNeill Whistler appeared, taking pains, if I remember rightly, to send to the authorities of the Munich International Exhibition his second-class thanks for their second-class medal. But for the purposes of Toulouse-Lautrec, it was Whistler's touch of the Orient that counted. For Japanese work was just beginning to be recognized, a recognition which promptly affected Toulouse-Lautrec's deliberately planned two-dimensional surfaces, his arresting patterns, and his palette. There were no half-way measures here. The colors varied between blues, greens, blood reds, blacks, and violets.

He had a memory for action and an ability to transcribe that memory into vigorous drawing suited to the expression of so many of his disorganized subjects who passed without emotion on their routine occasions beneath their artificial lights.

Backgrounds were inconsequential to Toulouse-Lautrec. He was concerned with the character of his figures, with what lay beneath the pasty white of the theatrical make-up of professional entertainers. Naturally when he did such portraits as those he completed on his visits to his publishers and friends, the Natansons, at Villeneuve-sur-Yonne,



PORTRAIT DE M. NOCQ  
Oil

Lent by Wildenstein & Co., Inc.

his character analysis assumed a gentler tone. For all of that, what he painted was a personality, intelligent or shallow, robust or degenerate. The result left no doubt as to the sitter's qualities.

Toulouse-Lautrec's materials were unconventional. Sometimes he worked with pastel, sometimes with paint or promiscuous washes. Mostly he preferred absorbent cardboard. A catalogued list of his paintings will contain such remarks as "oil on cardboard," "brush, ink, and blue chalk on yellow paper," "crayon and wash on yellow paper," "pastel on paper," rarely "oil on canvas."

Once his career was in full swing he moved from his bars and his circuses to the race tracks and the theatres. He would shake dice with African explorers and watch the negro clown "Chocolat" dance at what we now know as the Café Weber, or meet again with Oscar Wilde in the Café des Ambassadeurs on the Champs-Élysées. For all his dwarfed figure, his large red-lipped mouth, his black beard, coarse nose, and heavy eyeglasses beneath his

derby hat, he was no introvert. Rather he should be called an extrovert, intent on the world about him, an unpretentious companion, kindly, witty, and eager to amuse his friends, indulging himself in whimsical sortics as when one day he took his acquaintance Leclercq to "go call on her." "Her" turned out to be a little old woman who as a young girl had posed for Manet's *Olympia*.

In 1899 he returned again to sit with his parents in the sun of Southern France. But not for long. Soon he was back at his cabarets where he remained amidst the excitement, the drinking, the long hours, and the hard work, until the years and alcohol took their toll; and, though only thirty-five, he was sent for a three months' rest in a sanatorium. For a time thereafter he remained in Le Havre and Bordeaux, where in 1900 he made his paintings of Isidore de Lara's opera *Messalina*. But again Paris invited him. The period was a short one. A stroke of paralysis caught him. Back he went to his home at Malromé, where early in the fall of 1901

he died at the age of thirty-seven.

The output of Toulouse-Lautrec is so personal that first impressions are that he played a lone hand. This was not true. It was also said of him that he was shockingly cruel and cynical. That is not the way to express it. Naturally his point of view was sharpened by the mental suffering engendered by his physical deformity. Yet for all of that he was chiefly interested in putting down without irony or bitterness what he saw in life. He was independent, curious, and original. He never idealized his urban, human comedy. He was no hypocrite. In the midst of the frenzied movement of the dancers at the Moulin de la Galette, he was charitable to even the most neurotic and morbid tinge of this grotesque society. His painting was not erotic. He was not tempted. He was not revolted. Detached and deliberate he had moved out of his own class to analyze the sordid depths of the French social order which provided for him an interesting world. He was not concerned with boundaries, social, literary, illustrative, or commercial.

## FORTY YEARS AGO

**B**EGINNING the morning of Thursday, April 11, 1907, the dedication of the Carnegie Institute was celebrated in a brilliant ceremony lasting three days and attended by notables of this country and foreign lands. The art galleries and museum display rooms of the Carnegie Library of Pittsburgh, established twelve years earlier by a gift of \$1,000,000 from Andrew Carnegie, had been expanded to fit the pattern of his vision, through an additional \$5,000,000. Thus under one roof were included certain "wise extravagances," as Mr. Carnegie referred to them: a Museum; the galleries of the Department of Fine Arts; and encircling halls with foyer dazzling in inlaid marbles and gold decoration, added to the Music Hall that was part of the original Library building.

Perhaps Mr. Carnegie may have had some prescience of 1947 when he included the following in his presentation address: "Now, you see, judging by the past, the Institute's future promises well. There is no question of Pittsburgh's continued growth, no indications that she will not retain her commanding position as a manufacturing city, foremost in certain important lines; and in my view there is no question of the continued growth and usefulness of the Institute. In after days when the founder becomes merely a name, as Harvard and Yale and Cornell and many founders are today, the future Pittsburgh citizen, loyal to the city where he has prospered, will see that his bequests can be best bestowed upon needed extensions or new departments or collateral institutions now un-



thought of. It will become more and more the fashion, may I not say the duty, of Pittsburghers to consider what return they can make to the city which has done so much for them."

At 10:00 o'clock, Thursday morning, the board of trustees of Carnegie Institute, together with their American and foreign guests, assembled in the Founder's Room, where they were greeted by President and Mrs. William N. Frew. The group then moved to the brilliantly lighted Music Hall foyer and were introduced to Mayor and Mrs. George W. Guthrie and Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Carnegie. They then made a tour of inspection of the new building and the twelfth annual International Exhibition of Paintings, viewing the first prize, Gaston La Touche's *The Bath*.

With the guests were William J. Holland, director of the Museum; John W. Beatty, director of the Department of Fine Arts; Anderson H. Hopkins, librarian of the Carnegie Library; and Arthur Arton Hamerschlag, director of the Carnegie Technical Schools, later Carnegie Institute of Technology.

Mr. Frew presided over the exercises in the Music Hall that afternoon, which were attended by an audience representing all sections of Pittsburgh society, including the different professional, business, social, and labor circles. The military dress of the soldiers and the many-colored gowns of the doctors of learning, flanked on either side by the women in the boxes, with a gaily dressed audience in front and a garden of roses and palms at the rear of the platform, made the scene one of great animation and splendor.

Charles Heinroth presided at the organ, opening the services with *Ein Feste Burg* by Martin Luther and *Festal Prelude* by Gaston M. Dethier. Dr. John Rhys, principal of Jesus College, Oxford University, read from Proverbs III, beginning, "Honor the Lord with thy substance, and with the first fruits of all thine increase."

The secretary of the board of trustees, Samuel Harden Church, read greetings

from President Theodore Roosevelt, which ran in part: "The success of our republic is predicated upon the high individual efficiency of the average citizen; and the Carnegie Institute is one of those institutions which tends to bring about this efficiency."

The presentation speech of Mr. Carnegie was interrupted frequently by enthusiastic applause. It was climaxed in his words: "Take, then, people of Pittsburgh, this Institute from one who owes Pittsburgh much, who loves her deeply, and who would serve her well."

Other speakers on the occasion included Theodor von Moeller, German minister of state; Paul Doumer, French statesman; Baron d'Estournelles de Constant, French member of The Hague Court of Arbitration; and Mr. Church.

A concert of the Pittsburgh Orchestra, Emil Pauer, conductor, was held in the Music Hall that evening, with Sir Edward Elgar of London conducting one of his own compositions. The Pittsburgh Orchestra had its first home in Carnegie Music Hall.

Friday brought a tour of the Carnegie Technical Schools, greetings from educational institutions all over the world, an automobile tour of the city, luncheon at the Pittsburgh Country Club, and addresses by distinguished guests in the afternoon. Tea for the ladies was served at the Margaret Morrison Carnegie School for Women, and a banquet was held that evening in the Hotel Schenley in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Carnegie.

At the exercises Saturday morning, honorary degrees were conferred on a number of foreign guests by the Western University of Pennsylvania, with Chancellor Samuel Black McCormick presiding. At this time gifts from several foreign governments to the Institute were acknowledged, and presentation of replicas of *Diplodocus Carnegiei* to Germany and France was announced.

In the afternoon the party took a boat ride on the Monongahela and Ohio rivers for a view of industrial Pittsburgh and visited the Homestead Steel Works of the Carnegie Steel Company.

## THE BALL COLLECTION OF LIGHTING DEVICES

By E. R. ELLER

*Curator, Invertebrate Paleontology and Historical Geology, Carnegie Museum*

It is rather startling to find very little change in methods of lighting our way in the dark, from the earliest days recorded in history until recent times—the times of our grandparents or great-grandparents. The same type of lighting device used by the wise and foolish virgins was still a common method of lighting, even up to the middle of the last century—a simple bowl or reservoir containing animal fat or vegetable oil with a wick. It is true that gaslights were used to light the streets of English cities early in the nineteenth century and in Pittsburgh in 1837. But it was not until the 1870s, when coal oil or kerosene and sometime later gas and electric light came into use, that we had any really satisfactory manner to light the home during long winter nights.

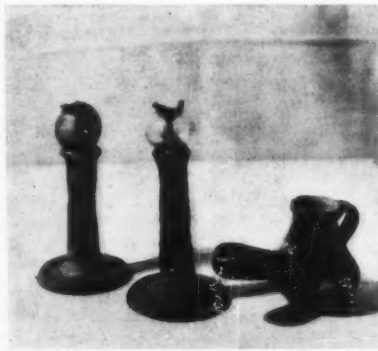
In the Hall of Useful and Decorative Arts, visitors to the Carnegie Museum have the opportunity of examining an unusual exhibit of early lighting devices. These lamps, candleholders, and accessories are the generous gift of Mrs. Lilian I. Ball in memory of her husband, the late George L. Ball. This fine and representative group was acquired with a true collector's enthusiasm, infinite patience, and real knowledge by Mr. and Mrs. Ball over a number of years, mostly in Pennsylvania and especially in the vicinity of Lancaster. Many

lamps were chosen because they demonstrated the ingenious skill of an inventor, while others showed the beauty of material, simplicity of design, and

the dexterity of the craftsman. Although the collection is not extensive, it contains many of the rarities, or so-called museum pieces that are so difficult to acquire. It is planned that additions will be made to the collection from time to time.

To designate a particular period of time for certain

classes of lighting devices is quite difficult, since most of the types were used concurrently. In many sections of the world primitive methods are still employed, while in other parts ancient lamps may be found in use side by side with improved lighting equipment. It might be well to consider grease lamps first, since probably the outstanding item in the collection is a pair of asymmetrical Pennsylvania Dutch glass and pottery grease lamps (*illustrated*). The bases were made on the potter's wheel in the shape of candlesticks and are unglazed. A small globular glass reservoir with a stem, not unlike a peg lamp, is held by the holder. The wick is supported by a small hand-cut piece of tin. It would be interesting to know where the glass globes were made. One could imagine that they were blown at Stiegel's Manheim glass house.



PENNSYLVANIA DUTCH GREASE LAMPS

The Ball Collection contains another Pennsylvania Dutch pottery lamp of paradoxical affinities (*illustrated*). Actually it is strikingly similar to the medieval Arabian lamp and to some that have been found in southern Italy. Similar specimens have turned up in England and Dalmatia. Possibly from southern Europe they spread northward and were thus brought to America by early settlers in the colonies.

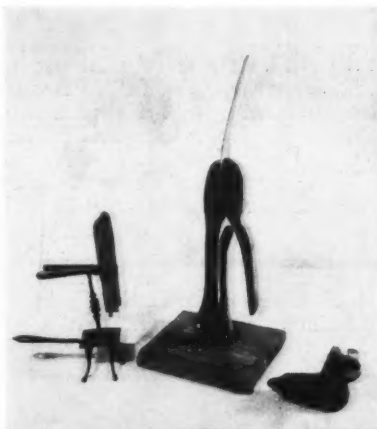
One of the earliest types of lamps was the iron Betty or, if you are Scotch, the cruse. The origin of this lamp is thought to be in the early Iron Age of northern Europe. Betty lamps are extremely crude in their simplicity and are not unlike the open-bowl lamp of which eight-thousand-year-old examples are known. The early colonists brought lamps of

this type to this country from Europe.

Only a very feeble light but a great deal of smoke and soot were produced by the Betty lamp. A variation of the Betty lamp, the Phoebe, is a double-bowled arrangement. The wick of the Betty lamp dripped badly, and the lower pan caught this otherwise wasted oil. This drip-catcher was, of course, developed in Scotland!

Splinters of resinous wood have been

used the world over as a source of artificial light. Actually a thin splinter could be considered a kind of torch, and man began to use the torch for light and protection very soon after he learned to make fire. Holders for splinters are extremely rare, but luckily the Ball Collection contains three types (*illustrated*). Perhaps the rarest and certainly the most



ODD HOLDERS FOR BURNING SPLINTERS



IRON BETTY LAMPS OF THE EARLY COLONISTS BURNED OIL VERY FEEBLY

interesting one is the small fired-clay animal in which the splinter is held in the mouth. It is a Pennsylvania Dutch holder, but just what kind of animal is anybody's guess. Another interesting holder is the wooden one in which the splinter is held between the tongs by an ingenious wooden arm that acts as a spring. The usual type of splinter holder is made of iron, but the one in the Ball Collection is of such artistic design that only a master craftsman could have executed it.

Whale-oil and camphene lamps look very much alike, in fact the difference is usually only in the length of the wick tube of the burner. Since camphene or refined turpentine was highly explosive, it was necessary to make the wick tubes much longer than those burning the relatively safe whale oil. During the early days in New England the whaling industry became big business because of the heavy demand for whale oil. This continued until kerosene was introduced. Camphene came into general use about the middle of the nineteenth century. Lamps of this type were made in many materials, but glass and pewter

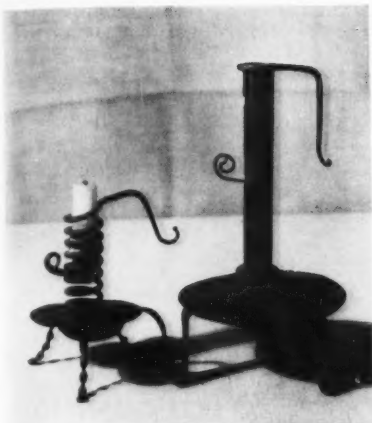
were the usual medium. It is the glass lamps, both large and small, in the Ball Collection that are perhaps the most handsome. A small whale-oil lamp with a pressed base and a blown font is of excellent design and brilliance (*illustrated*). The skill and artistry of the glass-blower characterize the small camphene lamp with its applied handle and pewter extinguishers (*illustrated*).

Night lamps or sparking lamps were a common item in the household in times gone by, and the collection contains many lamps of this type. Of particular interest is a pair of "Time and Light" lamps (*one illustrated*), the "Pride of America" made by the Grand-Vals Perfect Time Indicating Lamp Company. They are of a fairly late date since they have a wick that may be adjusted mechanically and an opalescent glass chimney. On the sides of the font, numbers are arranged representing the hours of the night. As the oil was consumed, the level would indicate the time. The oil would be completely used up by six o'clock in the morning, when it was apparently time to get up.

Lard oil was a common fuel used in lamps made especially for the purpose, beginning about the middle of the nineteenth century. Lamps of this type were usually made of tin and may be identified by a wide, flat wick. The astonishing number of variations in this category in the Ball Collection indicates the ingenious ways in which our ancestors tried to improve on early lighting. One of these (*illustrated*) clearly demonstrates how some lamp-maker de-



WHALE-OIL AND CAMPHENE LAMPS OF PEWTER AND GLASS



CANDLES IN THESE HOLDERS COULD BE RAISED AS THEY BURNED DOWN

veloped an improved model. A copper tube holding a funnel directly over the flame of the light is coiled through the reservoir containing the lard. Since copper is a good conductor of heat, the lard was kept in a liquid state during cold weather. Perhaps worth recording is the lettering still visible on this lamp. One side reads: "Z. Swope's Self Heating Lamp, Patented March 13, 1860." The obverse side reads "Leitersburg Lamp and Tin Ware Manufactory Co., Leitersburg, Maryland."

Candles and their holders have been used in Europe since Roman times, but it was many years after the first settlers landed in New England that the candle became a common source of light. To begin with, there were few sources other than rushes, bayberry, and beeswax, for their fabrication. But the most important reason was that they were too expensive. Candles were hoarded by the thrifty housewife and only brought out on

special occasions. With the increase in the number of cattle in New England, fat and tallow became more plentiful. Candles then came into more general use and with them a demand for holders. Ordinarily we think of a candleholder as being made of brass or perhaps silver. However, in the olden days, tin, iron, pewter, wood, pottery, and glass were the common materials used.

In some categories it is difficult to find any two holders just alike. This is especially true for the handmade iron candleholders. The blacksmith who wrought these candleholders was certainly a man of skill, who had a feeling for delicacy and good design. This is clearly shown in an interesting type in the Ball Collection (*illustrated*). It is an adjustable holder in which the candle may be raised as it is consumed by means of a slot and notches in the cylinder. Attached to the top of the holder is an iron lip supporting an arm that may be placed over the slat of a ladderback chair, so that the light may shine over the shoulder of the reader.

The corkscrew candlestick (*illustrated*) is another ingenious method in which the candle is wound up a spiral or helix as the candle burns. The end of the coiled iron is extended into an arm that may also be used over the back of



TIN LAMPS WITH WIDE, FLAT WICKS BURNED LARD OIL

a chair. Attached to the bottom of the helix is an interesting base shaped in the form of a clover or shamrock leaf. A handle represents the stem. Each section of the leaflike base is concave and thus catches any wax that may drip.

This brief enumeration of some of the lighting devices in the Ball Collection should convey some idea of its unique-

ness, but it cannot describe the colorful effect and historical significance that the exhibit displays. The collectors combined rarity, good condition, and beauty as tests in gathering together these lighting devices. Museum visitors are indebted to the generosity of Mrs. Ball for making available this lore from the historical past.

## STRATIGRAPHIC STUDIES IN OIL AND GAS

**P**ART of the large research collection of drill cuttings from wells in the northern Appalachian oil and gas province assembled by Charles R. Fettke, professor of geology at the Carnegie Institute of Technology, has been moved recently from the Geology Laboratory at Tech to the Carnegie Museum for permanent storage. The remainder of the samples and new sets received will be transferred to the Museum as rapidly as Professor Fettke completes their examination.

The collection consists of representative samples of the cuttings or chips of the rock strata obtained with cable tools from each five- to ten-foot interval, in most cases from the surface down, from the majority of the important deep test wells drilled in western Pennsylvania and adjacent parts of New York, Ohio, and West Virginia during the past twenty years. Included is a set from the Manufacturers Light and Heat Company's Jessie G. Hockenberry No. 1 well in Butler County, Pennsylvania, which gives a complete section of the strata from the Allegheny group of the Pennsylvania system to the Gatesburg sandstone of the Upper Cambrian. The well reached a total depth of 10,096 feet and is the deepest well in the Appalachian area and also the deepest well in the world drilled with cable tools.

Under the auspices of the Pennsylvania Geological Survey, since 1925 Professor Fettke has been engaged in the study of the subsurface stratigraphy of

the northern Appalachian oil province and the oil and gas possibilities of the deeper formations. The collection has been assembled in connection with this work. Dr. R. W. Stone, former State Geologist, and Stanley H. Cathcart, the present director of the Pennsylvania Geological Survey, decided that the collection should be stored permanently at some central point in western Pennsylvania where it will be readily accessible to all geologists working in the area. Dr. O. E. Jennings, director of the Carnegie Museum, has provided the facilities for such storage at the Museum.

The samples are filed on shelves in a room in the basement of the Museum set aside for the Museum Section of Geology. A card index is being prepared. Well-sample records for many of the sets of samples have been published by the Pennsylvania Geological Survey at Harrisburg. The collection is in charge of Dr. E. R. Eller, curator of invertebrate paleontology and historical geology. Although the collection remains the property of the Pennsylvania Geological Survey, it will be housed permanently at the Museum. Dr. Eller has available facilities for making microscopic examinations of the samples for geologists who desire to study them. Space has also been provided in the "Bone Room," located in the basement of the Museum, for receiving and preparing samples for study that may be sent directly to the Museum from the field in original bags.



# INTERNATIONAL PHOTOGRAPHIC SALON

By R. E. CAYWOOD

*Member, Photographic Section, Academy of Science and Art of Pittsburgh*

THE Pittsburgh International Salon of Photographic Art is again at hand. This show has long been an event of first importance in the international world of pictorial photography. For thirty-four years the Pittsburgh Salon has provided an outlet and means of recognition, under the highest standards, for the pictorial worker. It has helped maintain interest and the spirit of competition in this important field through two World Wars and the prolonged depression period. This year's Salon includes a section of color transparencies in recognition of the mounting interest in this new form of photography. The show will give much enjoyment to the multitude of camera enthusiasts whether they work for salon recognition or take pictures only for their own satisfaction. The Salon is sponsored by the Photographic Section of the Academy of Science and Art of Pittsburgh.

Judging by the number of prints entered for the current show, it would seem that the war is now having a pronounced effect on pictorial photography. This year 238 contributors submitted 932 prints from which the jury selected 167 for hanging, giving the smallest show in recent years.

There may be a multitude of reasons for this slump in the number of

entries. No doubt during the war years many prints were made from a backlog of negatives, which has not yet been rebuilt. Some photographic materials are still short, particularly paper surfaces used in pictorial work and supplies needed for some of the process prints, such as bromoils. Conditions in most countries outside of the Western hemisphere are not conducive to work in this field. Few color prints were entered, and none was selected for the show. This may be the result of the great amount of time required for making color prints and the difficulties and



VERMONT WAYSIDE BY TOM GORDON



THE WOMEN BY MILDRED HATRY

uncertainties of the color processes now available.

The three prints reproduced here were selected from the show for comment. *The Women* by Mildred Hatry, of New York City, is an example of several group pictures which were submitted. Here the center of interest can't be missed. The maker had an idea for something different. *Misty Morn* by James A. Moyer, of Oak Park, Illinois, achieves an effect which is not too easy with the camera; namely, that of reproducing the quiet and softness of a scene filled with haze. *Vermont Wayside* by Tom Gordon, of Brockport, New York, is included because of the sheer beauty of the birch tree. This has been a favorite photographic subject for years, but it never fails in its appeal.

At this point it should be noted that in recent years it has been more and more evident to many that pictorial photography needs a new objective and new vitality. This thought is confirmed by this year's entries. Too much of the same thing is being done year after year. New ideas and more originality in the selection of subject matter are now needed.

Three well-known pictorialists composed the jury for prints: Gustav Anderson, of Amityville, New York; Cecil B. Atwater, of Newbury, Massachusetts;

and Carl Mansfield, of Bloomingdale, Ohio.

Four Pittsburghers—the late W. O. Breckon, Lou Ferris, O. E. Romig, and Arthur Swoger—have prints in the show.

This year the Salon is venturing into what for it is a new and untried field, that of color transparencies. The generous response to the notice of this new section attests

to the interest in this type of photography. A total of 1,014 slides were entered by 254 contributors, and 351 were accepted for showing.

The making of color transparencies for salon competition is in its infancy. Hence, it is not surprising to find that the colorist, to use a short expression, is producing snapshots of the vacation variety in many instances; he is not yet achieving that pictorial quality which is required in salon material. It appears that, generally speaking, the color workers are a group apart from the black and white fraternity and have not had experience in pictorial work. Color transparencies appeal especially to many who do not have the time or facilities to do black and white print processing. The colorist does not have to spend long hours in the darkroom; he makes the exposure and leaves the rest to the manufacturer.

This feature of simplicity has its pitfalls, but they can be largely overcome with proper attention. The exposure range of color film is very short, requiring accuracy in this respect; the maker has no control over development, and there is nothing he can do to improve the product by cropping or manipulation in printing. However, he can still select interesting material and can pick his angles to give best results;

he can provide a center of interest and in many other ways incorporate pictorial qualities in the picture. By and large the colorist has not yet done this. He still has to learn that color alone does not make a picture, and that he must accomplish a triple objective; namely, technical perfection, pictorial excellence, and color harmony to produce results of salon grade. Thus the task of the colorist is more difficult than that of the worker in black and white where color does not enter the problem. There was an over-

supply of outdoor scenes, and few examples of still life were among the slides entered. This may result from the necessity of using different film or filters for artificial light, or it may indicate a willingness to let nature supply the color scheme—a sure way—rather than take chances with personal ideas of color harmony.

The above is not to be interpreted to mean that many beautiful slides were not submitted for the show and should not be looked upon as a criticism of what the colorist is doing today; rather these remarks are a suggestion that, as salon standards are raised, the worker in color slides who aspires to salon recognition will have to learn to incorporate pictorial qualities into his work and will have to know his color harmony.

In the black and white section of the show, the honor of having a print hung is considered ample reward. However, in the case of color transparencies, honor slides were picked by the jury; seventeen being considered to have sufficient merit for this classification. From the seventeen slides, three were awarded first, second, and third place, and three were given honorable mention. First place was taken by *Symphony of Gold* by



MISTY MORN BY J. A. MOYER

Mrs. Harold Medbery, of Armington, Illinois. This is an excellent example of what can be done with still life in color. Second place went to Merle S. Ewell, of Los Angeles, California, for his *Gnarled Veteran*. The weathered tree at timberline has been the subject of many excellent black and white prints, but color enhances the beauty of the whole scene. Third place was awarded to *Gem of the Pool*, a water-lily study by Mary E. Owens, of Toronto, Ontario. Again, this is a subject often done in black and white, but color adds to the result when handled expertly as in this case.

It may be significant that first and third place went to women. Their interest in color in connection with the home and clothing may give them an advantage over the men in this field.

First, second, and third honorable mention went respectively to W. Stark, of Toronto, Ontario, for his *As the Sun Goes Down*; Charles B. McKee, of Sacramento, California, for *The Fisherman*, and O. E. Romig, of Pittsburgh, for his *Bessemers Blow*.

A separate jury of competent men selected the color slides, the members, all from Pittsburgh, being S. J. Link, professional photographer; R. G. Marsh,

advertising artist; and Homer E. Sterling, assistant professor of graphic arts, Carnegie Institute of Technology.

Not being an officer of the Photographic Section of the Academy of Science and Art of Pittsburgh, the author feels at liberty to say a word about the untiring efforts of those who guide the affairs of the Section throughout the year, and those who do special work in connection with the Salon. The task of unpacking and coding the prints and slides, preparing for the judging, hanging and projecting, and finally repack-

ing and returning all entries to the owners is stupendous. These people deserve the appreciation and wide support of the public for their efforts in making this event available as part of the cultural life of Pittsburgh. It goes without saying that the Photographic Section is always grateful for the facilities made available by Carnegie Institute.

The Salon will continue in the Carnegie Institute galleries through Sunday, April 20. The color slides will be projected each Sunday afternoon during the exhibit.

## OUT OF DOORS



**H**ELD in the grip of a lingering winter, many a flower of early spring is this year blooming in April instead of March. Even the red maple, often in

flower in late February, is at its best this year amid April showers.

In flower gardens and park lawns the single, nodding flower of the Eurasian snowdrop, with its three outer white and three inner greenish tepals, is usually the first to appear, followed closely by the spring snowflake with its green-tipped white tepals, the beautifully sky-blue Scilla, and the blue-flowered, white-eyed glory-of-the-snow. In the shrubby borders of parks and lawns the Cornelian cherry meanwhile opens its bunches of tiny yellow flowers, while the European hazel dangles its tassel-like staminate catkins below its budlike scarlet-tipped fertile flowers.

The hepatics, blue or pink or white flowered, has the leaves normally three- but sometimes five-lobed, as shown in the sketch above. This always indicates infection with a rust, a parasitic fungus which causes the plant to send up also small, erect, malformed leaves. Dotted with pustules, these

leaves produce microscopic spores, which when blown about, infect the leaves of plums, peaches, and wild cherries. The spores produced on the fruit leaves may again infect hepatics but fortunately do not damage the trees.

Spring moves northward at the average rate of about seventeen miles a day, but having lagged behind schedule in March it may now speed up. There will be the ornamental magnolias, the pussy willow, and the yellow Forsythia, and a rapid succession of fruit trees—pears, sweet cherries, plums, sour cherries, and peaches. Coming originally from less continental climes, many of these trees have not become adapted to our changeable weather. Last year magnolias came into full bloom at the end of March only to be frozen April 6.

In early April the brownish elm flowers appear high above our heads, the Norway maples burst into yellow bloom, and the catkins of the Carolina poplars litter the sidewalk like reddish caterpillars.

In April's sunshine and showers, buds will be bursting and the floral display will gain headway as there appear among others the globular blue flowers of the grape hyacinth, the daffodils and narcissus, and the common garden hyacinths against a mounting background of green leaves. —O. E. J.

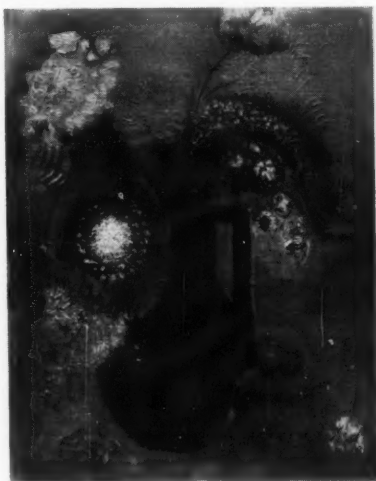
## A PAINTING PRESENTED

Mrs. ANN RICHARDS SAKLATWALLA of Pittsburgh has presented to the Carnegie Institute the painting *Flowers in Green Vase* by Odilon Redon (1840-1916). The canvas was given in memory of her husband, Beram D. Saklatwalla, scientist, industrialist, and patron of the arts. This particular picture is an appropriate memorial, uniting through the skill of the artist the East and the West, even as they were brought together in the person of Dr. Saklatwalla.

Dr. Saklatwalla, a distinguished collector of modern art and a good friend of the Carnegie Institute, was born of Persian lineage in Bombay, India, in 1881. He was educated at St. Francis College in his native city and on graduation went to study in Germany. He was awarded the degree of Doctor of Engineering by the famous Charlottensburg Institute of Technology. In 1909 he came to Pittsburgh as technical director of the Vanadium Corporation of America, and in that position he helped to found a new industry. In 1935 he resigned as senior vice-president to organize the Alloys Development Corporation. In 1924 he was awarded the Grasselli Medal by the Society of Chemical Industry. From 1935 until his death, he served as treasurer and trustee of the Industrial Hygiene Foundation of America. He was a Fellow in the American Association for the Advancement of Science and

a member of many professional organizations. Returning from an important mission to the west coast, he was killed in a plane disaster at Hanford, California, on November 4, 1944.

*Flowers in Green Vase* is oil on canvas, the canvas being attached to a board. It is eight and seven-sixteenth inches in width by ten and nine-sixteenth inches in height. It is signed at the lower left, "Odilon Redon," but not dated. It was probably done about 1906. The painting was in the collection of Dr. Saklatwalla and was shown under the title *Flowers* at the Museum of



FLOWERS IN GREEN VASE  
By Odilon Redon (1840-1916)

Modern Art in the Toulouse-Lautrec and Redon Exhibition, February 1 to March 2, 1931, and also under the same title at the Carnegie Institute exhibition, the B. D. Saklatwalla Collection of Paintings, April 12 to May 17, 1934.

In this fine example of the artist's favorite subject, flowers, there is a reverence for the sheer beauty of natural forms plus a born decorator's feeling for color harmony and contrasts. Redon, in this canvas as in so many others, is the exquisite and unforgettable painter of flowers. In this instance they are arranged, or one might say disarranged, to the artist's fancy in a bottle green vase or pitcher. There is a variety of flowers—asters, poppies, perhaps an anemone, small roses, and a feather-like spray. Several of the blossoms have dropped to the side of the vase. This

bears out the story that Redon did not start his flower compositions until several days after the flowers had begun to wane. Thus he hoped to catch only their souls rather than their substance. The colors are red, yellow, purple, all brilliant in a kind of oriental richness. The background of the canvas is a blend of tints giving the general effect of taupe. It is such an example of Redon's flower paintings that led Marsden Hartley to say that Redon painted with but one consuming ardor, to render with extreme tranquility everything delicate and lovely in passing things.

Odilon Redon, the gentle mystic who painted flowers, birds, butterflies, imaginary subjects, and heroes of romantic legends, was born in Bordeaux in 1840, the son of a French father and a mother of French extraction, a Creole from New Orleans. He grew up on the estate his parents bought with the little fortune

they had acquired in the United States. His first art training began at Bordeaux when he was fifteen. His master was Brison, a rare teacher who instructed his pupil to be always himself. In Paris, at the Beaux-Arts, he was a student of Gérôme. He studied etching with his friend, Rodolphe Bresdin, and lithography with Fantin-Latour. It was his interest in the work of the latter that directed his attention to lithography, which remained his medium until 1900. He was sixty when he returned to his oils and pastels. *Flowers in Green Vase* was done in this period. The productions of the last sixteen years preceding his death in 1916 are what insure his fame as a painter, just as his earlier black and whites give him a unique page in the story of French graphic art.

The painting now hangs in the permanent collection gallery.

—J. O'C., JR.

#### • • TREASURE CHEST • •

It has been pointed out that the prime requisite of a good portrait is that it be a good painting—a work of art—and not necessarily a likeness or even give satisfaction to the vanity of the sitter. A portrait should be a symbol, as it were, rather than an exact or photographic likeness of the subject. One example of a good portrait and a good painting is *Portrait of a Boy* by John Singer Sargent, which hangs in the permanent collection of the Carnegie Institute.

The subject is Homer Saint-Gaudens, now Director of Fine Arts. It is his portrait as a boy of ten. Very few visitors know who it is, a fact that has nothing to do with its importance as a work of art. The portrait is a symbol of boyhood. It is any boy of that age at the time the portrait was painted, or any time for that matter.

The *Portrait of a Boy* was painted by Sargent in 1890 in exchange for a bas-relief of Violet Sargent, the artist's sister, modeled by his friend, Augustus Saint-Gaudens. The picture was painted in seven sittings, and at first it was not intended that the child's mother should appear in the picture. She accompanied her son to each sitting at Sargent's studio, which was then in the brick building at Twenty-third Street and Lexington Avenue, New York City, and in order to relieve the tedium she read to the boy.

The *Portrait of a Boy*, together with *Miss Beatrice Goeltz*, *The Honorable Laura Lister*, and

*Master Goodrich*, constitutes Sargent's very successful effort to place on canvas the charm and elusiveness of youth. In his gallery of portraits of his generation, those of children pay special tribute not only to the facile hand of the artist but to his sympathetic understanding of adolescence. He met children with a seeing eye and an understanding heart.

The *Portrait of a Boy* has been hanging in the galleries of the Carnegie Institute since 1923, first as a loan from Mrs. Augustus Saint-Gaudens, and then, after her death, as a loan from Homer Saint-Gaudens. In April 1932 it was purchased through the Patrons Art Fund for the permanent collection of the Institute. The painting was exhibited publicly for the first time at the World's Columbian Exposition at Chicago in 1893. It was then hung at Aspet, the Saint-Gaudens' home in Cornish, New Hampshire. Subsequently it was shown at the Sargent Loan Exhibition, Copley Hall, Boston, in 1899, and later at the Boston Museum in 1899 and 1900. After the death of Augustus Saint-Gaudens it was exhibited at the John Herron Art Institute in Indianapolis, where it remained until brought to the Carnegie Institute. The painting has been lent to Portraits, Inc., this month for a benefit exhibition of the Homemaker Service, the Children's Aid Society of New York. The subject of the exhibition is "The Family." After April the painting will once again be back in the permanent collection. —J. O'C., JR.





WESTERN BOULEVARD BY KALMAN HIMMEL

## WATER COLORS AT CARNEGIE INSTITUTE

THE selection of water colors from America's largest show in this medium—The Art Institute of Chicago's Annual—has always been welcome at Carnegie Institute. This year's selection from the fifty-seventh Annual Exhibition has been particularly so because it was a brilliant and exciting one. It came to the Institute through the American Federation of Arts, which is circulating a traveling selection. The exhibition opened on February 10 and continued through March 23.

There were ninety-nine works in the show at Carnegie Institute, considerably more than half being by painters of national, and, in many instances, international reputation; and others were by young artists who have been exhibiting for much shorter periods but have received highly favorable notices of late.

The selection was devoted not only to water colors but to paintings in allied mediums, such as gouache, tempera, and casein. In fact, if this selection was a criterion, transparent water color is becoming less popular and gouache more so. As has been pointed out by Lester D. Longman, in discussing this show when it was at The Art Institute of Chicago, many of the most conservative and unimaginative paintings were transparent, since this medium

seems to be associated with conventional aspects of appearances. Most of the significant entries in the selection, as in the original show, were in opaque mediums. It is naturally to be expected that the expressionists and realists, the abstractionists and non-objective artists should work in such mediums as gouache, tempera, and casein, rather than in transparent water color, though this is unnecessary in principle, as may be seen in the traditional-as-to-medium water colors of Hans Moller, Kurt Roesch, James Lechay, Chaim Gross, William Gropper, and Joseph Hirsch.

Among the artists represented were Kenneth Callahan, Briggs Dyer, George L. K. Morris, Ivan LeLorraine Albright, Carlos Lopez, William Zorach, Raymond Breinin, Alexander Calder, Andrew Wyeth, Fred Nagler, Felix Ruvolo, Henry Varnum Poor, Margo Hoff, Julien Binford, Hobson Pittman, Adolf Dehn, Gifford Beal, Mervin Jules, Eugene Karlin, Antonio P. Martino, and Kalman Himmel.

The show demonstrated with ever-increasing sureness the facility with which American artists handle vehicles other than oil. Techniques in the paintings were as varied as the subject matter, and experimentation was limited only by the imaginative force of the artists.

## MUSHROOMS IN THE SPRING WOODS

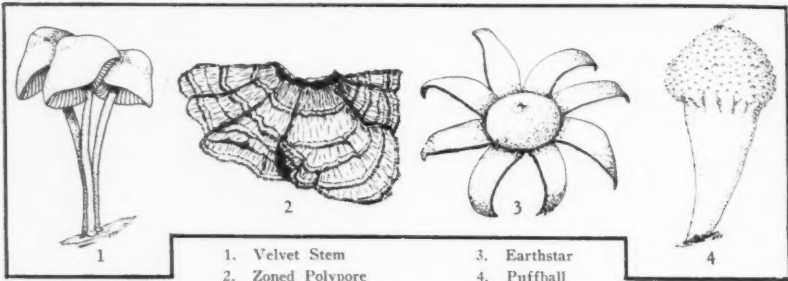
BY LEROY K. HENRY

*Curator of Botany, Carnegie Museum*

Sketches by ELINOR S. HENRY

MUSHROOMS are plants which do not make their own food as most plants do, but live on others either as parasites or saprophytes. An organism that lives upon another plant or animal is a parasite, while an organism that lives upon dead plants or animals is a saprophyte.

hours. The cap and gills are the parts eaten in the edible mushroom. The majority of the shelf mushrooms belong to the polypore group which bear millions of tiny pores or tubes on the undersurface. Polypores and shelf mushrooms generally are leathery and woody types and therefore not edible. Puff-



1. Velvet Stem  
2. Zoned Polypore

3. Earthstar  
4. Puffball

The mushrooms are divided into many groups and families, for there are nearly one hundred thousand different kinds. Most of the winter and early spring mushrooms belong to the group called bracket or shelf mushrooms, because they grow singly or in rows or clusters attached to old logs or stumps. These are the saprophytic ones that live on dead trees and gradually bring about their decay. They send out millions of tiny, white, threadlike branches which penetrate the wood in all directions and obtain food by dissolving the cell structure of the dead tree.

The part of the mushroom that we see is the fruiting body, on which the spores are produced. These spores are of various colors—red, yellow, brown, white, and purple—and may be seen if one places the cap of a mushroom face down on a white piece of paper and covers it with a glass tumbler for a few

hours. The cap and gills are the parts eaten in the edible mushroom. The majority of the shelf mushrooms belong to the polypore group which bear millions of tiny pores or tubes on the undersurface. Polypores and shelf mushrooms generally are leathery and woody types and therefore not edible. Puff-

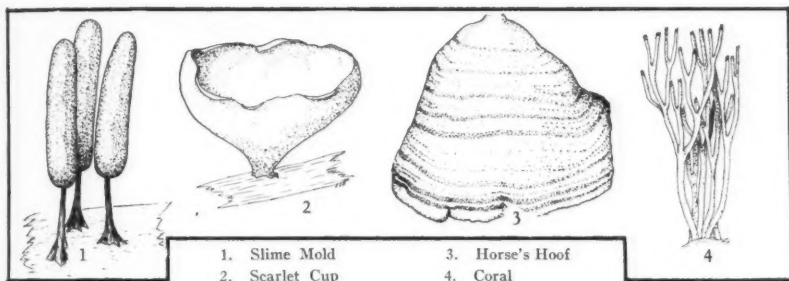
balls are edible when young and white inside. Suppose we are walking through a woods keeping a sharp lookout for all fallen logs, dead branches, and old stumps that may harbor mushrooms. The caps of the annual polypores are tough and leathery and are usually attached to the log or the stump by one side. Here is an old log thickly fringed with the Zoned Polypore. Each individual is about one-half to two inches wide, more or less semicircular in outline, with a wavy margin. The upper surface is dull gray and hairy, crossed with smooth bay-colored bands, while the tubes are white to cream. On a nearby log is a long row of the Grayish-white Polypore whose once lavender undersurface is now broken up into small, irregular, brownish teeth. On this old stump is the Bristly Polypore, a rather large bracket mushroom prob-

ably measuring two to three inches in diameter. Its upper surface is deeply scored with thick, bristly-hairy zones, which give the plant a very woolly appearance, and the tubes vary in color from whitish to a light fawn. The beautiful Cinnabar Polypore is growing on this fallen tree. The cold weather has turned the cap a dull brown, but the pores are still vermilion.

Here are some Gem-studded Puffballs which grew last fall on the rich leaf mold of the woods, and on this log are rows of the Pear-shaped Puffballs with brown sandpapery covering. Both now send up clouds of dusky smoke when

ameter and often smaller, with black hairy margins.

Here is the large, flat, perennial Bracket mushroom that so often grows to be twenty inches in diameter. The top surface is gray or brown, becoming hard and woody when old. When dried it used to be cut into long pieces by the country boys and used to light fire-crackers, because it burned with a slow, smouldering glow. The undersurface is smooth and white at first, later breaking up into small pores whose mouths are white becoming brownish in age. Its closest relative is shaped like a horse's hoof and has larger brown pores.



crushed. This smoke consists of thousands of tiny ripe spores which are easily scattered by the wind. On this sandy bank is an odd-looking mushroom. The central part is round with five or eight strap-shaped lobes projecting from it, which give it a starlike appearance—hence the name Earthstar for all the mushrooms of this group.

Now is the time to look for the Scarlet Cup mushrooms. These plants grow singly or in clusters attached to twigs and small branches buried under the layer of dead leaves in the woods. Their general shape is that of a small round cup, the outside of which is creamy white, while the inner part is bright scarlet. The Scarlet Cup is large enough to be easily recognized, but often on the bark of the trees and logs we may pass by the tiny, red, shallow cups of the Shield-shaped mushrooms, no larger than one-quarter inch in di-

Over there we see the Oak Shelf Mushroom, which is usually growing on oak logs or stumps. Its top is dull gray, but the white lower surface is broken up into narrow, winding channels called labyrinths, hence the name *Daedalea*.

On the small branches of this fallen tree are several kinds of small shelf mushrooms, often less than an inch wide, belonging to the *Stereum* group. One kind is gray to light brown above, another is tan with pencil-like brown bands across the top and wavy edges. The underside of both is smooth and has no tubes but a thin creamy membrane.

The Split-gilled Mushroom is the commonest one that is found on logs and branches in the winter and early spring. It has a gray cap one to three inches broad, semicircular to fan-shaped, leathery and densely hairy, with thick flesh-colored gills split on the edge. Occasionally in the early



## THE GARDEN OF GOLD



**D**R. MATTHEW T. MELLON has presented \$3,000 to the Carnegie Institute as a second contribution for the expedition to the West Indies, the Gulf of Mexico, and the Yucatan channel which is now being conducted by Dr. Arthur C. Twomey. His first contribution of \$5,000 was made in October.

Mrs. Hugo Kahl has given \$500 in memory of her husband toward purchase of the Eisner collection of Parnassius. This brings the total to \$8,500 contributed to date of the \$21,000 purchase price.

A partial list of contributors to the David H. Light Memorial Fund includes the following names: Theodore Abrams, Mrs. Abraham Adelman, Mrs. Louis J. Affelder, Lewis M. Alpern, Frank Apter, Amy A. Archer, J. M. Bachrach, J. Julius Baird, Catherine Balistreri, Mr. and Mrs. Chester G. Bandman, Thomas P. Beegle (deceased), C. Stanton Belfour, William E. Benswanger, Louis Blum, Marcus Boyd, Ben Paul Brasley, E. L. Braunstein Co., Mrs. M. A. Breslaw, A. H. Burchfield, Jr., and Walter Burke.

### MUSHROOMS

(Continued)

spring one may find some clusters of the Velvet-footed Mushroom with their viscid, reddish-tawny, one- and two-inch-broad caps and their one- to four-inch-long, brown, velvety-hairy stems, growing on a stump or rotting log.

Here on the top of this decaying stump is a dense tuft of tiny, black, cylindrical clubs borne on the ends of threadlike stems. They are the fruiting bodies of a Slime Mold. These fruiting bodies may be round, oblong, or cylindrical and colored red, orange, yellow, or white, depending upon the kind of Slime Mold.

On this half-buried and much-decayed log is a Coral Mushroom. It consists of a cluster of tan, slender, club-

The Carnegie Institute of Technology endowment continues to grow.

The Department of Printing has been the recipient of two large gifts: The Davis Press, Inc., of Worcester, Mass., sends \$1,000 for the Research Fund; and Porte Publishing Company, of Salt Lake City, \$1,000 for the Scholarship Fund.

Royalties amounting to \$1,281 have been turned over by faculty members of the Chemistry Department for the Department's Research Fund.

The Pittsburgh Chapter, American Institute of Architects presents \$250 for the Stewart L. Brown Memorial Scholarship Fund.

From R. J. Wean, I'17, comes \$250 for the Management Engineering Research Fund.

Howard N. Eavenson, a trustee of Carnegie Tech, in addition to his many previous donations has given \$200 for general endowment.

Willibald Trinks, professor emeritus of mechanical engineering, has sent \$100 for research on the projected cyclotron at Carnegie.

shaped branches which are forked or branched like a small tree or a coral. Some of these coral mushrooms are soft and flexible, while others are tough or even brittle to the touch and in color may be yellow, orange, or lavender.

Our trip is nearly over, but let us stop to see what is growing on this old dead tree. Here are dilapidated specimens of the edible, fleshy, gilled Oyster Mushroom that the cold weather has been destroying. The cap and gills are brown, discolored and watery looking, and in a few days it will be completely rotted. Surely our trip was worth while, and we have discovered a new world of interesting plants: the mushrooms of decay which are busily transforming logs and stumps into soil.



## "THE PLAY'S THE THING"

BY AUSTIN WRIGHT

Head, Department of English,  
Carnegie Institute of Technology



FOUR times in the last fifteen years the Department of Drama has chosen to perform a play by the Russian master Anton Chekhov. *The Sea Gull* was presented by the freshmen in 1932, and *The Cherry Orchard* was one of the regular productions of the Department two years later. *The Three Sisters* was produced in 1936, and then in January of this year, exactly eleven years later, it was staged for a second time. This record proves that the Department, in its program of giving its students experience in the performance of plays of widely different types and periods, welcomes the challenge of difficult dramatic material even when it is so foreign to the temper of American audiences as are Chekhov's quiet, subtle representations of a decaying society.

The sisters who give the play its title dwell in a dull provincial town where Olga, twenty-eight, and Irina, twenty, who are unmarried, share with their bachelor brother Andrei the house bequeathed by their late father, a brigadier general. The other sister, Masha, twenty-two, is the bored and discontented wife of the well-intentioned but insufferable schoolmaster Kuligin, some years her senior. Accustomed from infancy to the presence of young officers as almost daily guests in their father's household, the young women depend for what little social life they enjoy upon the officers of the regiment stationed in the town, who wander in and out of the house with that casual freedom which seems so strange to Americans seeing a Russian play for the first time. Olga and Irina live only for the day when, the house sold, they will be able to return to Moscow, where the family had lived when they were children and which is bathed for them in a

nostalgic glow; while Masha's rebellion against the emptiness and irritation of her existence with Kuligin smoulders for want of a breath to fan it into flame. Andrei dreams of becoming a professor at the University of Moscow and is persuaded by the admiration of his adoring sisters to think himself a most clever and promising young fellow indeed.

More events occur in *The Three Sisters* than in many other Chekhov plays, but the central theme is the negative one of the frustration which haunts the principal characters, the utter defeat of their hopes, the shabbiness and futility and quiet heartbreak which characterize human life—especially as portrayed in Russian literature. Andrei marries a gauche, stupid girl who develops into a tyrannical shrew and makes life wretched for the ignominious failure that is her husband and for the sisters who love and pity him. Olga finds herself forced to accept the taxing position of headmistress of the school, which she realizes is sapping her strength and making her old before her time. Irina, seeing her hopes of escape into a new life in Moscow gradually fading, reluctantly agrees to an engagement with young Baron Tuzenbach, an intelligent but ineffectual drifter toward whom she feels kindly but whom she does not love. And Masha, after attaining momentary happiness through a passionate affair with Vershinin, the commanding officer of the regiment, sees her new life crumble when the garrison is transferred to a distant station. But before the departure of the regiment, which brings the play to a close, an additional tragedy befalls Irina when Tuzenbach is killed in a senseless duel. Dark and unrelieved, therefore, is the



gloom which hovers over the stage at the fall of the curtain.

This slow-moving, wistful tragedy was sensitively directed at Tech by Mary Morris, who always handles extremely well the nuances of the drama of despair, as one might term such recently performed plays as *The Trojan Women* and *Dona Rosita*. Chekhov's plays do not please every palate. Just as there are people who adore Jane Austen, for example, and others who simply cannot get through one of her novels, so there are people who place Chekhov's work in the very front rank of modern drama, and others who are wearied and repelled by him. I happen to have a great admiration for both *The Cherry Orchard* and *The Three Sisters*, and I found this latest Tech production of Chekhov consistently interesting and often deeply moving. Though certain criticisms I heard leveled against it—that the individual scenes did not fuse smoothly, that the timing was too deliberate, that the actors did not always make the dialogue clearly audible—were at least partially justified, the effects aimed at by the playwright were admirably achieved by director and players, and the performance constituted an emotional experience of considerable impact.

It can always be debated whether Chekhov is artistically justified in striving to present the natural, realistic dialogue of ordinary life, and thus deliberately avoiding wit, epigram, the polished phrase, and the retort courteous in favor of the banality and customary drabness of actual conversation. Certainly that sort of thing can be carried too far: audiences would sensibly refuse to sit through a performance of a play as dull as most of ordinary life. But Chekhov's admirers feel that the great Russian writes his dialogue with such skill that he gains the desired effect while at the same time interesting the audience intensely in the lives of his characters. Probably the secret lies in the word "character." Chekhov's men and women are real and make the

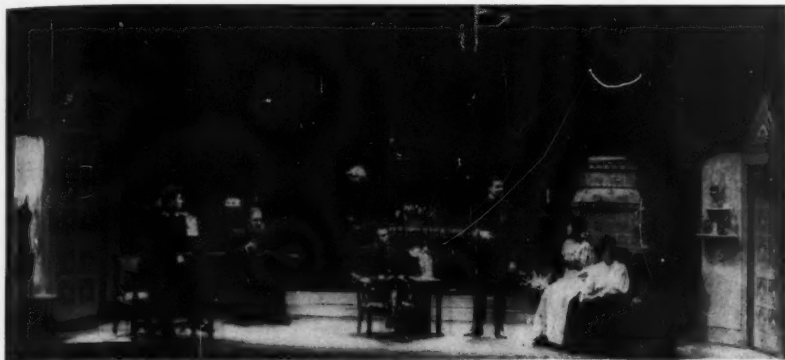
figures in the conventional well-made play seem like puppets.

In two respects the Tech production of *The Three Sisters* had an advantage over the one which Guthrie McClintic and Katharine Cornell brought to the Nixon four years ago: at Tech the sisters were played by young women rather than by middle-aged actresses who, no matter how talented, somehow made that 1943 performance into a tragedy of later life rather than a tragedy of those years in which the freshness and optimism of youth first begin to yield to disillusionment; and Miss Morris wisely made none of the deletions by which Mr. McClintic so seriously weakened the earlier production in order, apparently, to focus the spotlight on his feminine stars. The costumes were splendid as usual. The music arranged by Joseph Dove heightened the mood of wistfulness and regret which haunts the play. Lloyd Weninger designed symbolical settings which were both effective and pleasing, though I confess to a preference for realistic settings such as accompanied the production of the play at Tech in 1936. That earlier setting for Act IV, with the avenue of firs and the river and the distant forest pictured in loving detail, is still vividly remembered.

The acting in this latest production, even down to the briefest role, was first-rate, but because of the large number of characters and the system of double-casting each part at Tech—and in one instance of triple-casting—it is impossible to comment upon more than a few of the players. It happens that I write after the lapse of a month from the time when I saw the play staged, and I shall simply remark upon the individual performances which remain most clearly in my memory at this date.

Prominent among these is that of the Masha of the first cast. There is no single dominant role in *The Three Sisters*, and Masha has surprisingly little to say; but the actress seemed to be living the role rather than acting it, and one felt that one understood Masha com-





STUDENT ACTORS IN A SCENE FROM "THE THREE SISTERS"

pletely in spite of the comparative taciturnity which stems partly from her ennui and partly from a somewhat sullen temperament. Indeed, the Masha and Vershinin of the first cast were more successful in suggesting the slowly strengthening attachment between the lovers than any other players I have ever seen in those roles.

A subordinate performance which also deserves the highest praise was that of the first Solyony, the officer who brings about the death of the hapless Baron. I felt that this Solyony was the first of my acquaintance to make understandable to an audience that strange, shy, unpleasant man—hateful and yet somehow pitiable.

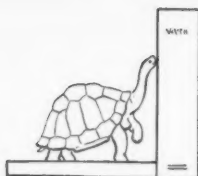
Though the first Kuligin gave an excellent performance of the conventional type, representing the schoolmaster as a mincing, effeminate, absurd weakling, he made me wish again—as I had often wished before—to see sometime a different kind of Kuligin, one who, in spite of failings calculated to drive a sensitive and intelligent woman to distraction, is essentially a good fellow and one who wins not only the tolerance but the sympathy of the audience. Therefore I was delighted to find such a Kuligin in the second cast, a wise, mature performance which made the man appear in a new light.

The role of Natasha, like that of Kuligin, is one that is easily over-

played, and the first Natasha fell into that trap. She had ample precedent, however, for in the McClintic-Cornell production Ruth Gordon screamed her way through the role in a way to set one's teeth on edge! The second Natasha was more restrained, though it must be admitted that perhaps for that very reason she was less forceful. I dare say it is impossible to make Natasha as hateful as she should be without making her a termagant.

There was an interesting difference between the two interpretations of Vershinin: the actor in the first cast made the most of the dreamy, ineffectual, faintly ridiculous side of the man, and one saw that the sympathy and later the love which Masha felt for this Vershinin was at least in part maternal; the second Vershinin was more vigorous and dashing but less sensitive, and though he was always a dominating figure the first interpretation was probably closer to the true Chekovian spirit.

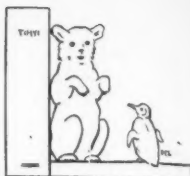
The actress who played the gentle-voiced, pathetic Olga of the first cast gave a warm and sympathetic performance—but I see that there will not be space enough to say more of her or of the other players. It must suffice to repeat that skillful direction and competent acting made this production of a difficult play something to be remembered with pleasure.



## THE SCIENTIST'S BOOKSHELF

By M. GRAHAM NETTING

Curator of Herpetology, Carnegie Museum



MAMMALS OF EASTERN ASIA By G. H. H. TATE. New York: Macmillan Co. 1947. 366 p. 79 illus. \$4.00. Carnegie Library call no. 599 T23.

No part of the world has been more in need of a popular handbook treating its mammals than has eastern Asia. Dr. G. H. H. Tate, a mammalogist of international reputation, further prepared himself for the difficult task of writing this book by co-authoring, with T. D. Carter and J. E. Hill, *Mammals of the Pacific World*, which was reviewed in the June 1945 *CARNEGIE MAGAZINE*. In the present comprehensive volume, an addition to the previous books of the highly useful Pacific World Series, Tate takes us to an area where the very names of many of the animals are as unfamiliar to us as the treeless tundras, cold plateaus, miasmatic rain forests, and windswept deserts they inhabit. Barbastelles and binturong, doucs and gorals, kolinski and kouprey, linsangs and muntjaks, rousettes and siamangs, susliks and tsine—the index of common names is a veritable treasure for those sadists who compile crossword puzzles.

Not only are many of the names unfamiliar, some of them are downright misleading. The mouse deer or chevrotain is not a deer at all; its tiny form is somewhat deerlike, but neither sex has antlers, and some features of its teeth and skull resemble those of camels. The tree shrews are not even shrewlike in appearance: they have bushy tails like squirrels, climb like squirrels, and are similarly active in the daytime, but they are insectivores, closer to the line of our very ancient ancestors than to either squirrels or shrews.

The book opens with a foreword by Childs Frick, which harbors an apparent substitution of preglacial for post-glacial and thereby lengthens man's

residence in North America by a half-million years or more.

Chapter one answers the question "What is a mammal?" Tate corrects a widespread misuse in his first sentence, "When visitors at the zoo or the natural history museum ask to see the 'animals' they almost always mean the mammals." In the discussion of dentition he has occasion to remark: "Degeneration and obsolescence of the teeth in mammals, other than the Whales already mentioned, is initiated when diets of extremely soft and easily digested matter are habitually consumed. . . . The Anteaters, Spiny Anteaters, and Pangolins, eaters of termites and other soft-bodied invertebrates, have no teeth at all. In view of this last, it may behoove our present generation of ice-cream lovers to watch their dental welfare closely."

Chapter two is devoted to a summarized description of the mountains, rivers, and other landscape features of the area treated in the book; namely, from northeastern Siberia southward to the Malay Peninsula and westward to Burma, Tibet, and Lake Baikal. My zoogeographic feelings are revolted by the author's flat statement that this lake in south central Siberia "is important zoologically because it contains a species of Seal, *Phoca sibirica*." This famous lake, deeper and greater in volume than any other in the world, is zoologically noteworthy for a hundred reasons, of which the seal is only one. More than half of its over thirteen hundred species are found nowhere else on earth.

Chapter three, which makes up the bulk of the volume, consists of brief

descriptions of east Asiatic mammals, with major emphasis being placed upon distinguishing characters and size attained. Much of this material is, of course, not intended for page by page perusal, but is designed instead to facilitate identification. The author has included notes upon life histories and habitats in most instances where such information is available. The arrangement is in order of the generally accepted scientific classification, beginning with the insectivores and ending with the rhinoceroses.

The discussion of insectivores offers many items of interest. Moonrats "give off a peculiarly offensive, onion-like smell. . . . In the province of Hopei, China, the Hedgehogs are regarded as sacred. In Europe they were once believed to suck cows, much as milk snakes are said to do in the United States, and to be immune against poisons—particularly snake-bites." The three-and-one-eighth-inch-long Virginia pigmy shrew, long reputed to be the smallest living mammal, loses this distinction to three closely related Asiatic least shrews that measure two and two-fifths inches in total length.

Bats occupy forty-seven pages, as indeed they should in view of their lineage, variety, and uniqueness. "The geological age of Bats, counted in years, is scarcely imaginable even by a public accustomed to modern financial statistics. When the little five-toed horse and the tapir-like elephant still roamed this earth, Bats were already Bats." Asia harbors flying "foxes" with wingspreads of nearly five feet, relished as food by New Guinea natives, trumpet-eared bats with wings of orange and gray, and fruit bats with elastic pelvic girdles to permit the birth of precociously large babies. The large *Ia* bat has one of the shortest scientific names on record, *Ia io*. Long-eared bats, with folding ears as long as their forearms, are sometimes fatally entangled in Asiatic burdocks just as little brown bats have been found similarly ensnared in Ohio burdocks by Caroline A. Hep-

penstall, of the Carnegie Museum mammalogy staff.

This could go on for pages, for there are interesting facts about each succeeding group of animals. Hoolock gibbons vocalize more loudly than children. Grown jackals do not exceed twenty-five pounds in weight, whereas wolves are always over thirty-six. Perhaps elephants dig their graves with their teeth, as we are sometimes accused of doing, for a captive elephant eats five hundred pounds of hay daily and is old at fifty, although occasional individuals may reach eighty years. A Sumatran two-horned rhinoceros purrs when comfortably ensconced in a muddy wallow.

The book is illustrated with several maps and numerous pen and ink drawings. Some portray familiar animals, such as the giant panda and reindeer; others are welcome portraits of comparative strangers—gaur, banting, langur, loris, jerboa, and civet. The book suffers from a terrific rash of capitals. Although my own preference is for the minimum the rules allow, I admit that arguments may be advanced for capitalizing vernacular names distinctive of species or subspecies. There is, however, no more excuse for capitalizing collective nouns such as bears or bats than there would be for writing "Balls" or "Babies." There is a short, useful glossary of the technical terms used, an index of common names, and another of scientific ones.

With supreme egotism, we furless mammals, too weak to hold our own in a natural environment without accessory weapons, generally prate that the proper study of mankind is man. If this is true, we can well afford to enlarge our understanding of our oftentimes peculiar actions and frequently bizarre appearance by learning more of our poor Old World relatives, the "lower" mammals who are smugly satisfied with their own natural coverings and colorings and who have not progressed to the point of making war upon others of their kind.

## CARNEGIE MAGAZINE

### INCIDENTALLY

J. LeRoy Kay left March 15 for an expedition into northeastern Utah and northwestern Colorado. Dr. Kay will work on the geology of an area approximately two hundred miles square during the next eight months.

Arthur C. Twomey left earlier in the month to cruise along the western shores of the Caribbean Sea, collecting specimens for the Museum's Department of Ornithology. The expedition is sponsored by Dr. Matthew T. Mellon and will return in May.

•••

Two of the nine artists whose work has been bought from the 1947 Associated Artists exhibit by the One Hundred Friends of Pittsburgh Art are graduates of the Carnegie Institute Saturday art classes. These are Merry Slocum Bean, whose *Practice Makes Perfect*, and William C. Libby, whose *Morning of the Seventh Day* were among the seven purchases of oils. Both are graduates of the College of Fine Arts, Carnegie Institute of Technology, class of 1941.

The seven oils and two water colors will be given, as is customary, to the Pittsburgh Board of Public Education to be hung in the public schools.

•••

David M. Seaman, the associate curator of mineralogy, has received word from the Mineralogical and Petrographic Department of Harvard University, which has been studying the two new minerals he found near Pittsburgh, that both are truly new discoveries.

The two minerals agree morphologically and physically with wurtzite and cannot be told from wurtzite without optical tests. However, in one instance the cell dimensions are exactly twice that of wurtzite, and in the second type of crystals are exactly three times those of wurtzite. These crystals, while of microscopic dimensions no longer than a millimeter, can be distinguished from each other because the crystal faces are distinctive. The existence of these two polymorphous types of wurtzite had never been reported before.

•••

Six oils by the Pittsburgh artist Russell Smith, painted more than a century ago, are on display in the Pennsylvania Room of the Carnegie Library, the gift of the Museum.

These include an old house at the foot of Coal Hill opposite Market Street said, in 1832, when it was painted, to be the oldest house in Pittsburgh; a scene looking up the river from Coal Hill over Ormsby's farm to Birmingham (1833); Nelson's Island, later known as Smoky Island, from the foot of Hand Street with Hog Back Hill, now Monument Hill, and the waterfront of the Allegheny (1840); old trees on Ormsby's farm opposite Bakewell's Glass Works (1834); and Western University of Pennsylvania, corner of Fourth Avenue once Cherry Alley (1833).

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